

Do You Need The Gold Ring?

"I discovered inside myself,
even in the very midst of winter,
an invincible summer."

-- Albert Camus

-- for Denise Levertov

Dear Rabbi Rosenberg
they are not
molding me
anymore
than the pyramids
which wilt
as ice cubes
in sand.

It's russian lapis
on my little finger,
not the yellow
fetish of Midas.

Could we exchange it
and my sportscoat
for the tallith
on your desk?

Your paternal
goodbye slap
carried the weight
of ninety pounds
of neurosis,
waking something
the Taoist monks
strived for;
I see your fingerprints
in the mirror,
they glow
in the dark.

-- M. A. Corren

Stockton CA